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the last age, men who were instrumental in destroying some six millions of their fellow men!

"It is matter of some surprise, that the author, who is understood to be a clergymen, should delight in such descriptions, at least, that he should not file some small protest against them in the name of the Prince of Peace. He seems to be a disciple of the *Church militant*, and reminds us of the old soldier whom Mr. Balwhidder rejoiced to see so thoroughly converted, that he 'read his Bible daily, delighting most of all in the Books of Joshua, Chronicles and Kings.' Should future researches be successful in recovering the lost book of 'the Wars of the Lord,' alluded to in the Old Testament, this writer would be the man of all others to translate it, and set forth its beauties for the edification of the Christian world."

We think it quite time to rebuke such reverend eulogists of the most gigantic crimes ever committed, and of the most atrocious wrong-doers that ever stained the earth with blood, and filled it with lamentation and wo. We could wish the rebuke had come from one of like faith with the offender; but we are glad to have it come from any quarter; and, while the cause of peace has nothing to do with the peculiar theology of its friends, we must take the liberty, as orthodox men ourselves, of expressing our regret and mortification, that preachers of what claims to be a higher and a purer faith should, on such a subject as the very theme of the angels at our Saviour's birth, fall so far below the great body of Unitarian ministers. Earnestly do we hope that orthodox ministers of every name will, in due time, overtake and outstrip them in the advocacy of a cause so pre-eminently Christian.

MORE VENGEANCE.

THE work of private murder and vengeance has been all along carried on in Mexico; but the following is the most cold-blooded and horrid that has yet been reported:—

"Occasional murders of our men, says a St. Louis paper, have been perpetrated ever since we have been in the country, all killed by the lasso. The Arkansas regiment of horse, from their having been employed as scouts, and occupying the outposts, have been particularly exposed to this guerrilla warfare, and have lost four or five of their men. The day before yesterday, it was reported, that one of their number had been killed by the Mexicans, as he had been missing from camp since the day before, when he went out to look for his horse. Search was made for the body, and it was found about a thousand yards from our camp, with a lasso around the neck, and tied to a prickly pear, having been dragged some three hundred yards upon the face through the chapparel. It presented a horrible sight; the name of the young man was Colquitt, a nephew of the Senator. The Arkansas men vowed vengeance, deep and sure. Yesterday morning, a number of them, some thirty persons, went out to the foot of the mountain, two miles off, to an "arreyo" which is washed in the sides of the mountain, to which the "pisanos" of Agua Nueva had fled to upon our approach, and soon commenced an indiscriminate and bloody massacre of the poor creatures who had fled to the mountains and fastness for security. A number of our regiment being out of camp, I proposed to Col. Bissell to mount our horses, and ride to the scene of carnage, where I knew, from the dark insinuations of the night before, that

blood was running freely. We hastened out as rapidly as possible, but owing to the thick chapparels, the work of death was over before we reached the horrible scene, and its perpetrators were returning to the camp, glutted with revenge.

"Let us no longer complain of Mexican barbarity—poor, degraded, priest ridden as she is. No act of inhuman cruelty, perpetrated by her most desperate robbers, can excel the work of yesterday, committed by our soldiery. God knows how many of the unarmed peasantry have been sacrificed to atone for the blood of poor Colquitt. The Arkansas regiment say not less than thirty have been killed. I think, however, that at least twenty of them have been sent to their eternal rest. I rode through the chapparels, and found a number of their dead bodies, not yet cold. The features, in every instance, were composed and tranquil, lying upon their backs, eyes closed, and feet crossed. You would have supposed them sleeping, but for the gory stream which bedewed the turf around them. In some instances, after the vital spark had fled, in the overflow of demoniac vengeance, the carbine ball dashed out the brains of its clayey victim. Death, in all its horrors, I have seen, and been familiar with from boyhood; but I could not feel the dread reality before me until Col. B. and myself rode down the "arreyo" to where, from the curling smoke, we supposed the women and children of these poor creatures were secreted. We rode up. Fear and anxiety were depicted upon every countenance—the women crowded around us for protection—and, notwithstanding they were not more than half a mile from the scene of this murderous butchery, they were wholly ignorant of what had been going on. An old female, who looked as though she might be the grandmother of the whole, advanced to us, and in the most imploring manner, asked us to send back her husband and sons from the camp, where they supposed they had all been taken. I then told them that I feared their men had been killed. They soon comprehended my fears; and the old woman asked us to lead to the dead bodies; and, accompanied by two little boys of about two years of age each, we set set out for the scene of murder.

"The first body we approached, the old woman exclaimed, was a *cartero*—*a donde estud los autres? Madre de Dios, adone iremos?*—'Where are the others? Mother of God, where shall we go?' We then led them to another body, that of a man about thirty years of age, who lay as tranquil as though he was in the sweetest sleep. The little boy, impelled by that instinct which seems to lead us into trouble and difficulty ere it is ready for us, outstripped his companions, and was the first to reach the body. He advanced stealthily to its side, gazed beneath the broad brimmed hat, folded his hands upon his breast, and looked with dreaming earnestness upon the bloody victim of ill-timed vengeance. The heaving of his manly little chest, and the silent tears stealing from his dark eyes, and rolling down his cheeks, told too eloquently that the little fellow had lost a friend. I said to him in the most soothing tone I could command, 'Do you know that man?' To which he replied, 'It is my dear father;,' walked round the body, examined the bullet hole in the side, turned away from us, drew his sleeves across his eyes, and, without an audible sob or murmur, returned to the glen, where his mother, brothers and sisters were waiting to hear the tale of their desolation.

"No earthly power exists to punish the perpetrators of this horrid outrage. Congress, in its wisdom, has refused to sanction executions in the field for murders committed here; and all that can be done is to send the perpetrators back with disgrace. The army condemns the bloody deed, and, but for the agency of Capt. Coffy, of our regiment, who rallied his men, and stepped between the victims and their executioners, seventeen others would certainly have been killed, who were brought by him into camp. Had the Arkansas men, in the first flow of their excited feelings, shot down

a Mexican or two in retaliation for their murdered comrade, I could pardon, though not justify it; but the wholesale slaughter, I fear, will bring reproach upon the whole volunteer force. It was but the act of a few reckless desperadoes, who care neither for God, man, nor themselves."

We shudder at such a tale of savage cruelty and vengeance; but it is in truth a pretty fair specimen of the whole war. In the eye of God, is this very butchery worse than the other butcheries perpetrated on Mexican soil at the command of our rulers? In what respect is it worse than the wanton attack on Tampico, the capture of Monterey, or the bombardment of Vera Cruz? True, the latter butcheries do not *seem* to be the work of *individual* revenge; but the deeds actually done are essentially the same, and all from motives even worse than those which instigated these butchers from Arkansas. They did it to avenge a murdered comrade; but what had Mexico herself done to provoke the terrible vengeance we have for nearly a year been wreaking upon thousands and thousands of her innocent people?

Many more details of this war, especially the horrid scenes of Buena Vista and Vera Cruz, must be postponed for future record. We think what we have here given, will amply suffice for the present; and devoutly do we hope that we shall be able to record, in our next number, the success of efforts, understood to be now in progress, for an amicable termination of hostilities. Let all Christians pray earnestly for a consummation so devoutly to be wished.

HOME OPERATIONS.

AGENCIES.—Our Secretary has been for the most part engaged of late in New York and Philadelphia, in both which cities we need, and hope in due time to have, efficient auxiliaries. We have in each a number of able and devoted friends; but they have not as yet formed any organization sufficient to call forth the latent peace principle and zeal diffused through those communities. They are the chief radiant points for the spread of information and influence in this cause all over the land; and we have already begun a train of measures to secure this object in due time.

Our Secretary has, also, prepared a **PEACE MANUAL**, an epitome of the general subject, an 18mo of 252 pages, designed for circulation first among ministers of the gospel, and afterwards in families through the land. It is already stereotyped; and, before this reaches our friends, an edition of 1000 will have been published.

The Rev. W. H. DALRYMPLE, one of our agents, gives an encouraging report of his labors the last quarter. He has "visited eleven towns, and preached or lectured twenty-six times, besides attending several concerts of prayer, and other meetings, where he had an opportunity of directing the minds of the people to the subject of peace in connection with the object of the meeting." He has "uniformly been received with the utmost kindness by both pastor and people;" and we learn that a very good impression has been made in nearly, if not quite every instance where he has